

From the editor

This issue complements our K mart employees who have worked very hard at their job and have a tremendous amount of dedication towards the K mart Corporation. Recognition activities in the stores and at KIH are on pages 1 and 4.

We talked with James D. McNehey, Director of Customer Relations to learn more about the essentials of customer care. Story on page 3.

Also inside is a small coupon to fill out and return, telling us what you thought of this issue and to send in your ideas for future issues. We would like to put this in every issue to give

everyone a chance to participate in the production of the K liner.

We would also have two items that might be of particular interest to our retirees — **Counter lunching with friends** and **Picnicing with the gang**, stories on Kresge 202, Appleton, WI and Kresge 466 (now closed), Coatesville, IN.

Virginia Burns

KLINER

NEWS FOR AND ABOUT
K MART CORPORATION EMPLOYEES

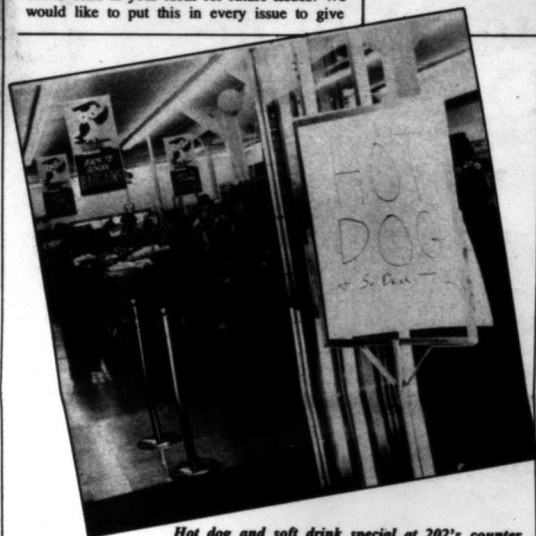
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Hot dog and soft drink special at 202's counter.

The following article and photos were reprinted with permission from the *Post-Crescent*, Appleton, Wisconsin. Written by Frank Church, staff writer.

Counter lunching with friends

Sometimes, Harvey said, when he gets tired of sitting alone in his Clark Street rooming house or strolling College Avenue, he will sit down at the counter at Kresge 202, Appleton, WI, between the deli and the plants, next to the barrettes and combs, and watch people walk past.

He does not know them, but he sees most of them every day. The people who come to this downtown Kresge food counter have been there before. Because the food is good, and cheap, they say. Or the waitresses are nice. Or because they have been

doing it for years and just can't stop.

Harvey knows a few of them, by their first names only, of course. Especially the waitresses.

"He calls me 'ma,'" said waitress Jackie Van Heeswyk "that's why he doesn't know my first name."

What Harvey likes most about the Kresge food counter is that he can find someone to talk to.

There is no one to talk to back at his room on Clark Street.

At the downtown food counter, talk is inescapable, in front of you are the waitresses, five of them during the rush hours. On both sides are other customers, happy about just getting their monthly Social Security checks. Tired from lugging packages. Looking for someone to talk to.

"Give me a cup of yesterday's coffee, with some ice in it," said Ed, who was wearing a blue windbreaker with a VFW patch. Ed, 59, has been retired for

several years with a disability. They took him in the Army back in '42, despite his epilepsy.

"If you had one bad eye, they took you," he said. "If you had one good leg, they took you. They took whatever they could get."

But they did not hand out disability claims so quickly, Ed said.

"That's for sure," said a woman nearby, who told how her only son was called up for Vietnam back in '68.

He was a helicopter pilot. He was shot down once, but only got his teeth bashed in, she told Ed and another customer next to her at the counter.

His son was supposed to arrive home on August 15, she said. The Army did not tell her he would be late. One last flying mission, he told her later. He got home August 18.

"I was a nervous wreck," she said. Ed nodded like he knew what she must have gone through.

The woman ordered a double dip chocolate ice cream cone from Jackie.

She has a lovely, granddaughter now, she said. "She's an A student and she's only 9 years old!"

Ed was gone. He had business to attend to, he said. But the other customer nodded to the

woman, like he knew the pride she was feeling.

"Don't forget our hot ham sandwich with soup or salad and french fries for only one-ninety-nine," a woman somewhere reminded over the loudspeaker.

It was lunch time. The waitresses — Jackie, Shelly, Lucille and Lauri — were picking up the breakfast menus and putting out the lunch.

"You never know when it's going to get busy in here," said Jackie, who admitted to also being called "blondie" and a few other names by some of the male customers.

Sometimes, the midday rush is at 11:15. Probably because everyone wants to beat the noon rush, said Jackie.

There is a host of regulars that frequent downtown's oldest lunch counter, which still has signs advertising "strawberry shortcakes" and "breast of chicken sandwich plate" hanging from ceiling fans.

One of the regulars is "Big Al."

He looks about 65. He has a slightly gray beard and walks with a cane. He lives above another downtown restaurant. But he comes to Kresge's for most of his meals. He has been doing that for years, said one of

(Continued on Page 3)



Lunchtime finds the counter filled with 'veterans' enjoying their meal.

Intentional Retake